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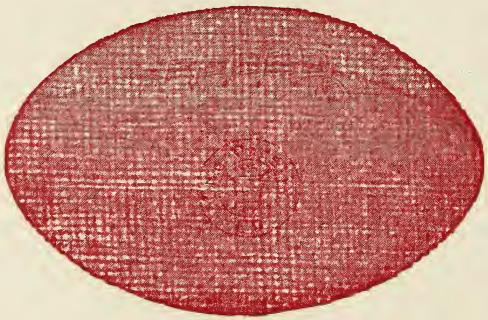

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Volume V, No. 4 December, 1908

THE MESSENGER

Published Monthly During the School Year by the Students of the Durham High School
Durham, N. C.

Entered at Durham Post-office as Second-class Matter

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The Origin of Christmas

Zeb Roberson, '10.

We think of Christmas today only as an event commemorating the birth of Christ; and as the acceptance is, so is the real significance of the occasion. As a matter of fact, however, the festival is purely heathen in its origin and was celebrated hundreds of years before the Christian era.

In the forests of Northern Europe, somewhere about the time we now observe, there was held a festival in celebration of the end of harvest. But it was not Christmas—it was Yule.

The god of the harvest was supposed to dwell in the grain of the field and as the reapers progressed he was driven before them until finally cornered in the last few remaining straws. To cut this bare handful, which indeed was predestined, was the evilest fate that could befall any man. The reapers took chances at the great misfortune. From a few paces distant they cast their hooks at the slight corner—each hoping from the depths of his soul to miss and yet guiding his weapon with as true aim as his skill would allow—until the last stalk fell. Whosesoever was the unlucky blade, upon his shoulders rested the great crime and himself must be offered up on the morrow to appease the elements for the death of the deity. Unless this were done no harvest could be hoped for on the following year.

The harvesters tried as best they could to make up to their companion for the great evil that had befallen him. Revel was held all night in the rude cottage. Above, on the ridge-pole, was hung the fatal sheaf, in which was wrapped the tragedy of the slain god, and under it the revellers knew no restrain to their indulgences toward the unfortunate victim. He was allowed anything he wished, even to the last extreme. Nothing that he might ask was denied him, even to the greatest folly, that his dark way might be smoothed for the sacrifice which came in the morning.

The decorations used were about the same as now, except that fir replaced cedar, being natural to the clime. There was mistletoe, which from the license of the fatal sheaf extended privileges far in advance now, and holly, with its red berries, signifying the shed blood of the sacrifice. The dark significance of that early practice has led the scrupulous to question whether mistletoe and holly, with their history of human tragedy, should ever be hung in a Christian church.

Indeed we could hardly expect these crude people who had few pleasures or days of sunshine, to conceive of a fitter celebration than this. Their lives were spent in a desolate land; a land of short days and long nights where their only companions were the fluttering snowflakes and the stinging hail, where on the long winter evenings they heard only the solemn moaning of the wind or the roar of a wild ocean on a bleak coast.

The Romans also observed a feast at about this date. Theirs was called Brumalia and was held at the winter solstice. It was likewise principally a time of revelry and social enjoyment. In fact almost all peoples who have had religions have observed some such festival.

From these early instances originated the modern Christmas with its entirely changed significance. We are not called upon to offer any human being a sacrifice to appease a supposedly wrathful god, for One whose birth we commemorate in the event offered himself a sacrifice to satisfy divine justice and reconcile us to the great God of the Whole Harvest. Our sacrifice is the crucifixion of our meaner selves, our base natures, our very individuality upon the cross of the Eternal Peace.

Signs of Christmas

M. Y. W.

I gess I'm glad w'en Christmas 's here,
'Cause Santy comes, you see,
En fills my stockin' jest es full
Es ever it can be,
With apples, nuts en sugar plums
En everything 'at's nice,
En brings me jest the greatest sled,
En cutest little mice
'At I can skeer my sister with,
But mother says 'at she
Believes if I'm not real good
He won't be round to me
Next Christmas, en 'at skeers me so
'At w'en it's gettin' cold,
I'm jest es quiet es a mouse
En jest es good es gold.

The Legend of Fidelis

Mary Yeula Wescott, '10.

Once long ago, in the the valley which lies at the base of the Mountain of Heart's Desire, dwelt a youth whose name was Fidelis. His father had died while the lad was but an infant, leaving him to the care and tutelage of his mother. She had ever striven to instill into his mind the difference of right and wrong, and had given him her own high example of purity. So that he grew up knightly in character as in the practice of arms and he was ever ready to defend the poor and weak against the wiles of the strong and cunning.

Now when Fidelis was approaching manhood his mother, perceiving that he would not long be content in the valley, sent him, as his father had directed, to a wise old man with whom he should study and prepare himself to fight the battles of the world. It was many days' journey to the home of this celebrated seer, but Fidelis found his way there and enrolled himself as student for the arts and sciences of manhood.

For many months and years the youth toiled at his tasks striving to be perfected in the knowledge of this world. And at last there came a time when the old magician said to him: "My son, I can teach you no more. All that I have learned is now yours. You have been faithful to me and now it needs only to be proved whether you will be faithful to yourself throughout your life. But before you go I would know what your great ambition is that perhaps I might aid you to realize it."

Then said Fidelis: "My father, I am very sorrowful to think that I must leave and yet I cannot but rejoice at the words I hear you utter. My greatest ambition is to climb to the top of yonder mountain which you have often told me possesses the wonders of the world. I would see the sun rise to light the morning, and

watch the mist change into a mass of living, burning splendor across the heavens. And I myself would add to the glories of the sunrise clouds, that virtuous gem that has at its heart the sacred fire of Heaven. For you have told me often should any one do this ever he will be wise beyond all earthly men and dangers shall come to him not, for the wondrous ruby comes only through years of toil and when at last that recompense is laid at the gate of Heaven the soul that offers it ever remains in that high sphere. Save, alas, I have not the ruby and I would that you tell me where to seek that I may obtain it in years to come and add my part to the eternal glories of the morning."

"Well have you spoken, my son, and as becomes the son of your father," answered the old man. "Even he was brave and faithful and I would only that you become as he was. You have served me faithfully, take this," and stooping down he gathered one of the pebbles which lay at his feet and gave it to Fidelis. It was clear as crystal save for a tiny spot like a drop of blood in the very center. "Do not fear to add this to the sunrise," he said. "It was earned by honest effort and of that the gods themselves are not ashamed. Place it near your heart and journey onward. God speed, my son," and he went into the house leaving Fidelis amazed at his speech and the simple pebble in his hand.

"I am as far away as ever," mused he at length, "for I have not the precious ruby and I know not how it may be won. I like not to add this worthless stone to the glories of the sky, but he bade me take it and he is ever wise." Placing the stone in his bosom he started upon his journey, pausing only to bid his mother good-bye and accept her "God speed."

And what a journey that was! At first the sun shone bright and he had many companions. How gay they were! But soon some began to falter and fall away, and others to stop, lured by soft voices and fair promise. Often Fidelis himself was tempted to stay with them, but remembering his ambition and the old man's words, he pressed on.

And now the way grew harder and he made very little progress—only a few feet per day—until he almost despaired. But when he looked into the valley everything seemed changed. It was so small that he scarcely recognized it and at last all was blotted from his sight by a veil of mist, while on ahead the crest of the mountain gleamed white and shining.

One day he lay wounded and helpless far above the abode of man.

A stone had slipped and caused his fall. Many days he lay there alone looking up into the sky, watching the eagles as they circled far above and the sunlight as it gleamed from their bright plumage. Then he closed his eyes and it seemed that he was at the top of the mountain striving to place his offering in the sky and because it was white all the others shrank away. Strange voices shouted at him and he could not catch the words though he knew that his offering was scorned. Then the mountain gave way, he found himself falling, falling until at last he was lying in immeasurable depths alone, gazing at the stars so far above him. Their calm beauty pervaded his soul and he grew stronger marvelling at it all.

He awoke and bethought himself of the stone and drew it forth from his bosom. Then he was filled with amazement, for behold the drop of blood had grown larger and straightway Fidelis knew it to be the magic ruby, of which he had so often heard, which grows redder when nobler deeds are done, but loses its lustre when its owner engages in anything mean or ignoble. His heart rejoiced that he was the possessor of such a stone.

At last he was well of his wound and as he journeyed onward the drop grew until at last on a beautiful Christmas morning he stood on the top of the mountain—the Mountain of Heart's Desire—there was nowhere in the jewel a pale spot to be seen. All was red as the flowers he had tended in the garden of his youth, as red as the clouds which were beginning to glow with the morning sun, as red as if dyed in the very drops of the heart's blood of the faithful.

"What a gorgeous stone!" his heart cried. "Worthy indeed a place in the heavens!" And he placed it among the clouds. For you must know that the summit of the Mountain of Heart's Desire touched even the sky and the clouds hung low about it as if it were home. And lo! just as the ruby pierced the vapors the sun appeared and all the fire from millions and millions of rubies leaped to meet it, and it seemed to Fidelis that himself was transfigured. Looking down into the valley he could see the mist no longer, but behold all was a mass of living glory.

"Glorious indeed!" he cried. "Beyond comparison!" And turning again he gazed at his ruby, but he could not distinguish it from the myriad others. Then there went from his heart the memory of all pain and anguish of those days of toil, and there entered in a wondrous Christmas peace of love for all men and the infinite knowledge of right and wrong.

And this is the story of Fidelis, the faithful knight, and the tale of how he secured by strong endeavor the wondrous ruby which at first seemed worthless, but by earnest toil became the most precious of all stones, and how he placed it among the sunrise clouds which each morning hang low o'er the top of the Mountain of Heart's Desire.

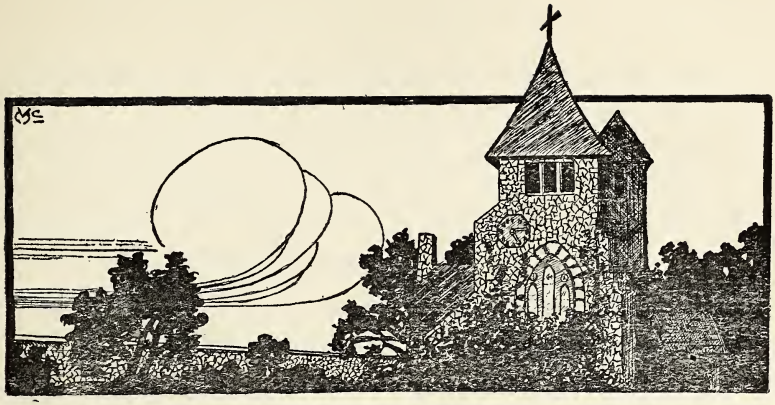
Night

Robert Murray, '10.

Oh, solemn night! bringer of rest,
Come, for Phœbus sinks in the west;
The mother bird sits on her tiny nest,
Come, for 'tis thee that I love best.

Oh, hallowed night! so calm and serene,
When first the Holy Christ was seen,
By waiting shepherds, poor and mean,
In that so-far-off Bethlehem.

Oh, peaceful night! still thou my heart,
Torn and bleeding, as now I part
From day's deep strife; may the spirit of thy dark
Keep me aye, from evil thoughts apart.



A Yuletide Legend

Clara Crawford, '09.

"Ye old England" was gay that night—Yuletide. The great log burned on many a hearth and the Bore's Head roasted on the spit. The Waits wandered from door to door chanting their weird strains. Grim old Ethandune had gathered his retainers at Battlemeade for the great Wassail. The huge log in its full glow filled the great hall with fantastic figures that danced to and fro.

Outside, the night was black—blacker than caves of the Styx. The wind swept through the bare trees half-human in its moaning. The falling snow was caught in its icy embrace and turned into so many sickly apparitions of Night. Giant oaks bowed themselves and with sere arms outstretched pleaded for mercy. The very skies hung low as if they longed to soothe the unrest of earth with the caresses of heaven.

Blindly through the pitiless night wandered a ragged, homeless boy. The thirsty elements at war with themselves had drunk his strength, but seeing lights ahead he struggled on until the walls of a grim castle rose before him.

At Battlemeade the revels were at the highest. A hundred knights had drunk toasts to the lord of the estate and now all were awaiting the appearance of the Bore's Head. Even the Highland

pipers had begun the martial strains when one of the servants entered with a child in his arms.

"Take him away," arose in all directions. A barefoot waif would destroy the charm of the Yule side.

"No!" thundered the master, "he will perish in the cold. Bring him to the fire. Let him disobey my orders, who will!"

A triumphant blast from the pipers that made the battle trophies clatter upon the walls drew the attention from the lad, for two buttlers were staggering in under the load of a vicious-looking Bore's Head upright upon a dish of gold.

Then followed a footman bearing the peacock pie, whose gaudy fan feathers waved time to the music from the top of the rich brown crust. The knights formed a line behind these and marched around the table laden with the bounty of the feast, singing:

Caput apri deferro
Reddens lawdes Domino.

They seated themselves at the board with the slight child in their midst. What a contrast!—the great savage knights in their suits of linked mail with their heavy swords clanging at their sides, and the tiny ragged boy with the torch-light glittering on his golden head and a sunny smile across his fair face.

The wassail was at an end and the knights arose to gather about the fire and watch the Yule log burn to the brand that must be saved to light the next year's revel with its mystic ceremonies.

Lo! the storm became still; the wind slept in the caves of its master. The oaks lifted their proud heads and with folded arms stood—waiting. A wonderful light filled the majestic hall, and turning the warriors beheld Him

"A child no more,
But a figure radiant, heavenly, clothed in glory all divine,"

And through the silence rang the chorus,

"Peace on earth
Good will toward men."

A New Leaf

Lucile Hundley, '09.

New Year's eve, an open fire in the library, and the kettle singing old songs to Betty and me as together we sat watching the old year out and the new one in. At least, perhaps, that was what the feminine element of the assembly was doing; as for me, I was more occupied with watching that same element. She had on a gown of black, low at the throat, and with wide lace sleeves which fell gracefully back and showed the roundness and symmetry of her perfect arms.

"What are you thinking of?" she asked, suddenly looking in my direction.

"Is my presence a cause for lamentation that you dress so?" I asked.

"It's out of respect for the old year, of course," said Betty. "I'm sorry you don't appreciate the circumstance."

"But I do," I protested.

"You take my dressing for you too much as a matter of course."

"How's the newest gown coming on?"

"It won't be ready until next week."

"You'll wear it to the Hawes dinner?"

"I'll save it for the Assembly—I expect to go to the Hawes dinner with John Graham," she submitted after a little pause.

I lifted my eyebrows.

"It's better," said Betty.

"Terrible punishment," ventured I. "But what's the crime?"

"Nothing in particular," returned she, "only I think I've been seeing too much of a certain man. I'm going to turn over a new leaf. When the clock strikes twelve I shall begin."

"I hope the next page will not be full of illustrations," challenged I.

She ignored my reproach. "I shall be—"

"Nicer?" said I.

"Less accessible," said Betty. "People are talking."

"I thought they had been talking so long they had almost finished."

"And I really think I ought to see less of him."

"Why do you talk nonsense?"

"I think he ought not to take me to more than one dance a month."

"Make it none!'

"Nor send me fruits and violets every week."

"Better bar roses, too."

"You're going to make it hard for me to turn the new leaf."

"There's a way out."

"How?"

"I've told you often enough."

"I thought we weren't going to talk of that for a long time."

"Very well," said I. "Of course you will have your own way. You'll go to the dinner with Graham, and to the next play with Currin, and let Lee take your sleighing. It will not be a new leaf, but the old one. After all, what do I have?—tea occasionally, a walk at intervals, and a dance rarely."

"Is that all?" asked Betty calmly.

"Quite all," said I, and I picked up the poker and fell to stirring the coals.

Betty moved her chair a little nearer the grate, and then leaning over and resting her chin in her hands, observed the fire, apparently oblivious of my presence.

"I put on purple and fine linen for him, and begin the year with him," she mused, "but I don't believe he appreciates it. Yes, I must really turn over a new leaf."

I waited for the rest. "Click—clack—click—clack" went the mantel clock. Then at length, "Ling—ling—ling," it began to measure off the hour of twelve. Outside bells could be heard chiming and from somewhere out in the winter night came the sound of a gun.

I put up my poker, sat back in my chair and looked at Betty. The fire-gleams were hiding in the waves of her hair, her cheeks were rosy, and her blue eyes grave and steady.

"It's a new year," she announced solemnly. "I wonder what it will bring forth?"

"Let's hope not too many good resolutions," rejoined I.

"Wherever you are, at the end of it, you will look back and say, 'Last year at this minute I was with Betty Brown—and I was not in as good humor as I might have been,'" she finished, darting a glance at me over her shoulder.

The clock kept on.

"I want it to be a good year to you, George," said Betty suddenly, and put out her hand toward me.

I nodded. "Click—clack—click—clack" went the clock. Unconsciously I began counting the minutes. Then I lost the number and only looked at the coals.

"Tea occasionally, a walk at intervals and a dance rarely; is that all?" mused Betty.

"Cling," went the clock again, this time for the hour.

"It's awful late."

"Must I go?"

"On New Year's eve one must make exceptions."

Brooding silence.

"Cling," went the clock again, this time for the hour.

"I suppose I must go," said I, getting up.

"I suppose you must," repeated she, coming to my side in front of the fire.

"You're going to the Hawes dinner with Graham?"

"Remember the new leaf," she said.

"I am constantly reminded of it."

"But I shall wear an old gown," said Betty.

"Hang the gown and New Year, too!" snapped I with growing impatience.

"Well, I have to wear something," submitted Betty, "but—"

"But what?"

"If I dress early you could come at seven and see me for a little while."

I stared blankly in front of me.

'I'm a goose," said Betty. "Your collar's turned up. Let me straighten it."

She fumbled with my coat for a minute. "Tea and the others," she said, looking squarely into my eyes, "is that all?"

"It isn't half!" melted I as I caught the gleam and raised my arms impulsively.

"Do you think the new leaf so very bad?" asked Betty timidly some moments later from the region of my shoulder.

"Take all the rest the sun goes round," I quoted.

And the clock ticked on.

Christmas Eve

Annie Lea Williams, '10.

Throw ther note way up ther chimney,
So 'at hit can blow erway,
Santy will be shor ter find hit,
And will answer Christmas day.

Hang yer stockin' by ther mantel
An' 'nen shet yer peekin' eyes,
Dream er dolls as fine as fiddles
En er granny's Christmas pies.

If yer look he will not bring it,
Tho' yer want a doll so bad,
But will only leave yer switches,
Better not make Santy mad.

But ef yo' 'll go ter dreamlan'
En be good awhile yer there,
When ther morning comes you'll shorly
Find a great big teddy bear.

We are standing on the eve of the happiest and gladdest season of the whole year. How quickly time has passed! So easily and so swiftly have we been borne thus far that we can hardly realize that another year of our lives—three hundred and sixty-five days of our very limited share of Time's great bounty—has been meted to us. Yet it is true, and Christmas, with that sacred message of "Peace on earth good will to men," is almost at our door. How shall we greet it? With fire-works and other like machination that would more fitly celebrate the Fourth of July, or shall we as a civilized people use the day in a little more civilized way, mindful of what the occasion is meant to commemorate?

Every heart glows with greater and greater warmth as the day approaches, filled with the joyous spirit of the time. We know that we are comfortable and happy without, perhaps, a plantom of care. Wouldn't it be then the true spirit of the occasion to try to make some one else, who by chance is not so fortunate as ourselves, happy also?

The season is short and almost before we realize that it is here it is gone. Surely in that short time we can spare a few minutes toward making those around us feel that it is good to live.

We look back over the past four months' work feeling that our feeble efforts have been reasonably successful. However, if the

MESSENGER has not been as good as you have expected or as good as you would like it to be, then we would very kindly ask you to suggest anything that you think might be helpful or offer any friendly criticism that in your opinion might be valuable to our publication.

Experience is a great teacher and we hope to profit from ours, and in the coming year hope to make the MESSENGER even better than it has been. We can do this by a little more effort on the part of those who have been inclined to tread "the primrose way" of ease and indifference.

Let our New Year resolutions be to make the MESSENGER, not only the best High School magazine in the State, but make it as good as our best exchanges.

We are sorry to hand you the Christmas number of the MESSENGER a little late, but owing to the usual holiday rush our publishers have been unable to publish it sooner. But don't grumble if we have to be behind occasionally, for there are others whose work is just as important as ours.

We are very grateful to you for your support and coöperation in the past, and wish for you the very happiest and jolliest holiday imaginable.

LAURA TILLETT, '10.

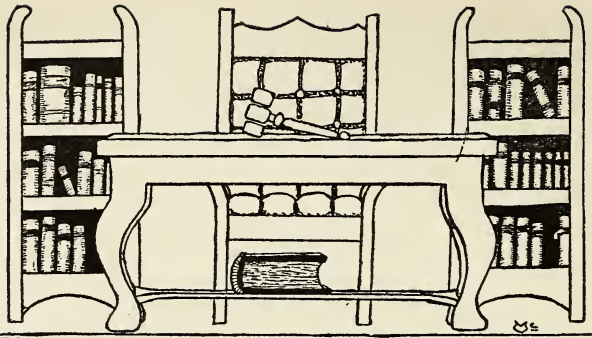
A large crowd was present at the Cornelia Spencer Literary Society on Saturday, November 28, as this was our election day. Although the girls have been criticised for lack of interest in the recent political campaign, there could be no fault found with the zeal exhibited in the Society election.

After much discussion and many nominations a new officer was elected for every place. We regretted to give up the old officers and heartily thank them for the unlimited work they have given the Society, but think that they have been replaced by officers of equal ability. Those elected were: President, Susie Markham; Vice-President, Mary Wescott; Secretary, Carrie Noell; Treasurer, Lucille Hundley, Censor, Nettie Tillett; Assistant Censor, Ethel York; Critic, Virginia Badgett; Marshal, Hassie Sims; Usher, Blanche Whitmore; Directresses, Carrie Noel, Maud Willis and Mary Wescott; Editor, Laura Tillett.

Leah Boddie, our former secretary, met with us and we enjoyed her presence very much. The members of '08 are always welcome visitors in the High School.

Disappointment reigned supreme when it was known that the Italian Orchestra, with which Mr. Green had kindly promised to entertain last year's members of the Society, the Blackwell Literary Society and the Faculty together with us, could not be present on Saturday, December 5. However, the speeches from the visitors made the hour a very pleasant one and we enjoyed the music the following Monday afternoon.

On Saturday, December 12, the next regular meeting of the Society took place. Sidney Lanier was the topic of the day and the hour was spent very pleasantly in a study of his life and poems. A sketch of his life was read by Miss Natalie Tuck, and poems were read by other members of the Society. We all departed with an increased love and admiration for our dear Southern poet.



BLACKWELL LITERARY SOCIETY

The Blackwell Literary Society has been doing very good work indeed for the past few months. A number of new members have been admitted since the beginning of the year.

A few weeks ago Mr. Victor S. Bryant spoke very ably to the Society on the importance of debating clubs. We are always glad to have such men to speak to us, and hope to have Mr. Bryant with us again.

At our meeting of November 27, new officers were elected. They are very capable and promise to succeed worthily the old. They are as follows: Elbert Chappel, President; Zeb. V. Roberson, Vice-President; Berry Ashley, Secretary; Will Whitaker, Treasurer; Thos. Roberts, Censor; Leo Carden, Assistant Censor, and Beverly Snow, Marshal.

The members of the Society were invited to a meeting of the Cornelia Spencer Literary Society, our colaborer in the cause of literary righteousness, some time ago. They had a very enjoyable program. The Italian band, which they had engaged for the occasion, added greatly to the entertainment.

It has been the custom for the past few years to have a debate with some other high school. This year it is decided to challenge the Greensboro High School to forensic combat.

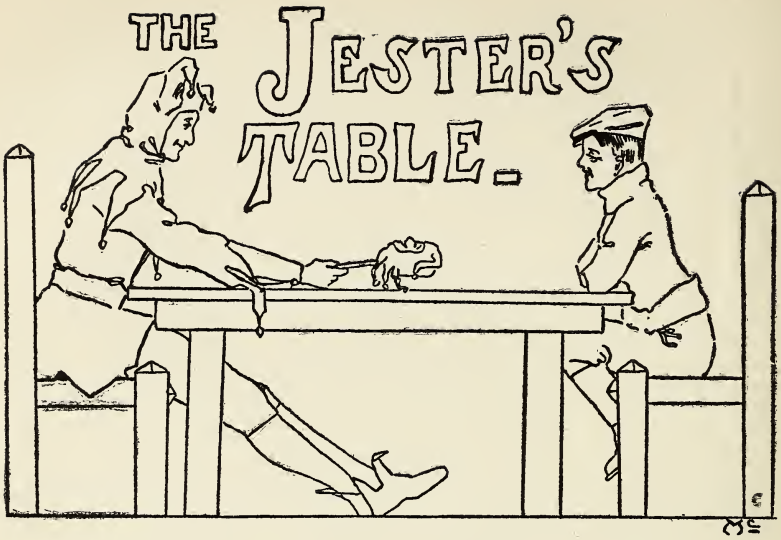
We were exceedingly glad to have the officers of the Cornelia Spencer Literary Society meet with us on December 18. We had a very fine debate, good declamations, and splendid singing furnished by the High School Quartet.

The Poet's Club

Mary Yeula Wescott, '10.

We wish to thank the members, both new and old, for the valuable aid which they have rendered us in critcism and suggestion and for their hearty response to the call for Christmas poems.

This is a season which should bring inspiration to all of us. The crisp frosty mornings are the very ones, no doubt, which Riley had in mind when he sang of that joyous little song, so pervaded with the spirit of the fall—"When the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in the shock." (Those of us from the country fully appreciate this). Now we have a dash of snow just to make us remember that King Winter holds sway over our sunny Southland. Occasionally we catch a glimpse of red and yellow left over, no doubt, from Autumn's decoration and at rare intervals we hear a joyous trimphant song from a bird bidding us know that spring *will* come after all this winter is past. But best of all is the Christmastide. The season of joy filled with the remembrance of the wondrous Gift of Peace from the great All Father, the happy memory of the Christmas star, of the celestial chorus which greeted the lowly, wondering shepherds gathered around their fire with their flocks at rest, of the three wise men and their long, long journey to hail the Prince of Peace and the message of good will which has come down through the ages.



THE NEW VERSION OF THE PRODIGAL SON.

The negro preacher announced as the subject of his sermon the story of the Prodigal Son—waxing eloquent, he remarked:

"My brudders and mine sisters, mine is the new vershun and a new interpetering ob de gospul ob de Prodigal Son. When he, far away in de furin land, had spent his father's lowance to him, he got hungrier and hungrier till he wus 'bliged ter sell his coat. Atter he eat up dat money he 'bliged ter sell he vest; having eat dat money he 'bliged ter sell he pants. Next he part wid he shirt and then, mine brudders and mine sisters, havin' nothing else ter come to, he come ter hisself."

* * *

IN THE OTHER DIRECTION.

Johnny had been a very bad boy during the day and when his father came home it was decided that he should talk to him instead of the usual whipping. So the father took Johnny on his knee and spoke to him thus: "Johnny, do you know what happens to good boys?"

"Yes, sir. They go to Heaven."

"Well, Johnny, wouldn't you rather be a good boy and go to Heaven?"

Johnny thought a minute, and then said: "No, father, I'd rather go with you."—Ex.

* * *

"The child is father of the man." Ask Mr. Tillett if it isn't true.

* * *

Mr. Goode—"Explain *pants* in the line 'as if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing?' "

B. S.—"Breeches."

* * *

He—"I have half a mind to ask you to be my wife?"

She—"Have you? Well, I'm sorry, but I really couldn't marry a man with only half a mind."—Ex.

* * *

Don S.—"Mr. Goode, I thought Adams use to be a President."

Mr. G.—"He was."

D. S.—"It says here, ex-Presdent."

* * *

OUR SORROWS.

To many of us life's rude
And joy a fleeting bubble;
The only time our credit's good
Is when we borrow trouble.

—Ex.

* * *

Teacher—"What is a mulberry?"

Bright Little John—"I know; it's something you make mull out of."

* * *

TO THE SEX.

Men are deceivers as a rule,
And trust them far you never can;
Though at confectioner's sometimes
You may unearth a candied man!

—Adopted.

* * *

Euthusiastic Mary—"And sailors were scared of the pyramids (mermaids) in the sea."

GALLANTRY.

She—"Do you suppose real angels have wings?"
He—"Well, you haven't."—Ex.

* * *

Giles—"My wife can drive nails like lightning."
Miles—"You don't mean it!"
Giles—"Sure I do. Lightning, you know, seldom strikes twice in the same place."—Ex.

* * *

Mac—"Fancy meeting you out in all this rain."
Duchsie—"Oh, I like it."
Mac—"Then you must be a raindear."
Duchsie—"If I am, you must be a rainbeau."—Ex.

* * *

AUTHORIZED STATEMENTS.

Why did Richard Watson Gilder?
Because he thought the Lady Brassey,

Where was Ernest Thompson Seton himself?
Under the Beirbolm Tree.

What did Mrytle Reed?
A Thomas Nelson Page.

What made Minnie Maddern Fiske?
To hear Edna Ly-all the time.

In what year was Charles King?
I don't remember—but he's Ben King.

What is Mary Sewart Cutting out?
She is making Mrs. Everard Cotes.

When did Sophie Swett?
When she saw Cy. Warman himself.

Did Ellen Glasgow in the house?
No, but I saw Stephen Gwynne.

What was it John Drew?
More than Anna Held.

Why are the Brothers Grimm?
Because they have a Bill Nye due.—C. Wells.

Student (inquisitely)—"Well, Mr. Campbell, why didn't the people report these things?"

Mr. C.—"They would have been gooses if they had."

* * *

BELLES.

Mrs. Blox—"Miss Blank says she always uses lemon juice on her face; it's good for the complexion."

Miss Knox—"I wondered what gave her that sour look."—D. T. P.

* * *

"I don't want my hair brushed over my forehead any longer," declared Harold. "I want a crack in it like father's."—Ex.

* * *

MIDDLE AGES.

Soph.—"Why did they call the Middle Ages the Dark Ages?"

Junior—"Because the women kept their ages dark."

Soph.—"No; because there were so many knights."—C. J.

* * *

TIDES OF LOVE.

Flo was fond of Ebenezer—
"Eb," for short, she called her beau—
Talk of "tides of love!" Great Cæsar!
You should see 'em—Eb and Flo.

—P. P.

* * *

Fair Guest from City—"I must rest a little. I feel so tired. I'm getting quite danced out."

Farmer Gallant—"Oh, not darned out. Only pleasantly so!—Ex.

* * *

SPOONS.

Aunt Jane—"Edith, didn't I see Mr. Sweeter kssing you in the hall last night?"

Edith—"Yes, but it was only in remembrance of former days."

"A sort of souvenir spoon, I suppose you mean."

* * *

Rosa, as she began to devour a saucer of gelatine, exclaimed: "Poor thing! Look how nervous it is."

A maiden precise and prim, you know,
Was shy as a maid could be,
And no one believed she'd have a beau
If he came on bended knee,
But lo she read from a written page—
Her face a *vermillion pink.*
(Her friends were horrified—at her age!)
A note from a *boy*—just think!!!
(Susie says it was Virginia, Virginia says, Susie).

* * *

F. G.—"Percy, let's go to Dixie this evening."

P. B.—"No, let's go to the Edisonia. A deaf and dumb man is going to sing a solo.

* * *

Cheatham C.—"Look! there's the Bennett place, where Bennett surrendered.

* * *

"Handsome" and "gallant" and "brave" and "bold,"
These in the long ago,
Were words the gushing school girl used
With which to describe her beau.
Times now have changed, as you know times will,
Her meaning is absolute,
You question not to hear her say:
"Look! don't you think *he's* 'cute?' "

* * *

Mr. Campbell—"Miss Lucie, when this power was taken from the barons, what remained to them?"

Lucie Stokes—"Lesser power."

* * *

Alas! has disappointment come to crown
The erstwhile leader of a noble band? (Pres. of C. S. L. S.)
Have wishes, never breathed nor written down,
Been crushed by fortune in great freedom's land?
Cheer up, from Chapel thou wilt praise receive,
Know that some things appearances deceive.

Gentle Knocks

"If you are a hammer strike, if an anvil be patient."

For ever tho' vanquished he could argue still with words of learned length and thundering sound—*Irwin Muse.*

Remove not the old land-mark!—"*Charlie.*"

Sir, I am a polished gentleman. Do I deceive my looks?—*Elbert Chapell.*

Oh, Gee! but it is great to be crazy—*Ernest Jones.*

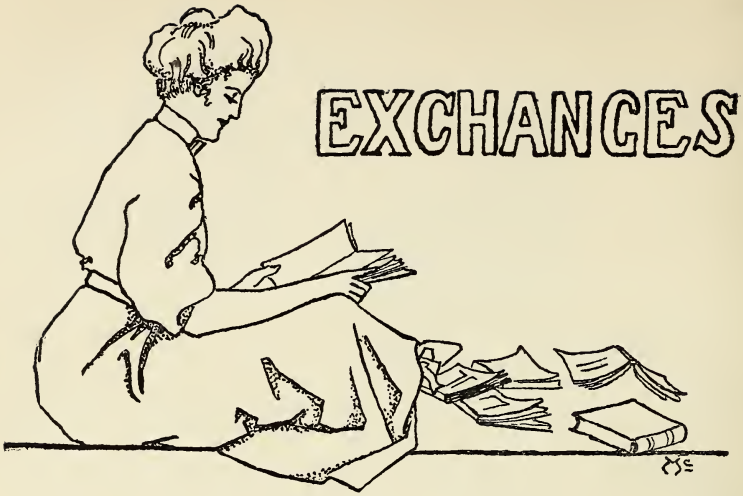
Whistling or dancing or singing a song,
Happy and contented she jogs along—*Daisy Herndon.*

Might have gone further and fared worse—*Mildred Muse* and *Allie Spencer.*

Ye have too menye stringes toe your bowe—*Elsie Lloyd.*

I let the world wagge, and take mine ease—*Hubert Scoggins.*

She walks in beauty like the night—*Willie Cox.*



Our Exchange Table this month is the embodiment of the real Christmas spirit, for it is generously covered with good things, and it is a great pleasure to acknowledge The Athenian, The High School Enterprise, The Almanac, The Radiant, The Red and White, The Dragon, The Occident, The Oracle, The Spike, The Blue and Gold, The Wake Forest Student, The St. Mary's Muse (October and November issues), The Davidson College Magazine and The Index.

The November issue of the St. Mary's Muse is very good. Although the Literary Department contains but few articles, the story, "Caught Masquerading," is very interesting indeed. The poem, "God's World is Beautiful," is to be commended.

"The Shirk" in The Athenian strikes a sympathetic chord, for we have all learned that "the way of the transgressor" who is not prepared on his work, and looks wise and schemes to get the Professor to talk, is "hard" indeed.

Some of our friends think that our magazine betrays a "romantic turn of mind" in our High School students. We wish they would accept our cordial invitation to "come and see," and we feel sure that they would agree with us in our decision to develop our "lighter vein" to counteract the seriousness of our daily work. We do try to have some "solid reading," but we like to have our Jester make us exceeding glad, too.

Had She But Known

When Jean Ingelow, the poetess, wrote:

"To bear, to nurse, to rear,
To love, and then to lose,"

If she had known what the world now knows, that

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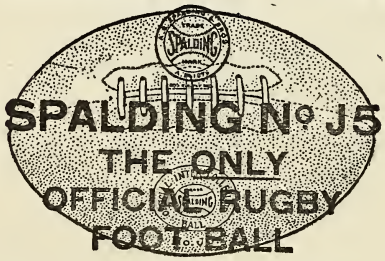

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